



Blow high, blow low.

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**B**LOW high, blow low, let tempests rise  
 The mainmast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes to be once more  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling wind that scuds along,  
 And the surge roaring from below,  
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song.

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
 The memory of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink to their sweethearts and their  
 wives;

I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,  
 And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
 The burthen of my song shall be,

Blow high, &c.

